

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO READ THE **BIG NEW...**

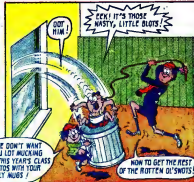
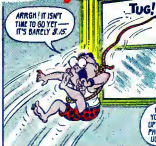
SMASH! AND POW!

No. 146
16th NOV. 1968
EVERY MONDAY **7d**

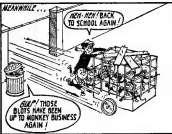
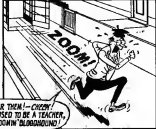
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THE SWOTS and BLOTS!



CONTINUED FROM
COVER...



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KING OF THE RING

YOUNG KEN KING AND HIS PAL BLARNEY STONE PLAN TO FIGHT THEIR WAY ROUND THE WORLD, WITH KEN AS BOXER AND BLARNEY AS HIS MANAGER. BUT IN PARIS, KEN DISCOVERS HE IS NOT REALLY SUITED FOR BOXING. HE WINS HIS FIRST FIGHT ON A DISQUALIFICATION, BUT HIS OPPONENT, THE WOLF, AND SOME HOODLUM FRIENDS TRAP KEN AND BLARNEY IN AN HOTEL TO GET BACK THE PRIZE MONEY...

BLARNEY GROANS AS HE SEES THE WOLF'S FIST LASH OUT...



BUT IN DESPERATION KEN CATCHES THE WOLF'S WRIST...



NEXT INSTANT...



AS A VICIOUS FOOT KICKS...



AS JULES GASTON, THE AGING PRIZEFIGHTER THE POLS HAVE REFINERED, STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...



WITHIN SECONDS IT IS ALL OVER...



AND SO...



THEN THE STRANGER STEPS FORWARD...

I'D WILLINGLY TAKE ON ANOTHER
BOULDER TO GET THE MONEY, JULIUS.
BUT I'VE ALREADY PROMISED
I'LL NEVER MAKE A BOXER...



PARSON M'HEW!
I COULD NOT HELP OVERHEARING.
PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A BOXER,
BUT I WHO SELDOM MAKE MISTAKES
IN THESE THINGS SAY TO YOU...
YOU ARE TRULY A WRESTLER!

A WRESTLER?
WHO... NIPE!

ME! A
WRESTLER!!



OF THIS I
ASSURE YOU, GENTLEMEN!
MY NAME IS PARSON AND I
AM THE OWNER OF A WRESTLING
HALL HERE IN PHIBS. PROMISE TO
FIGHT FOR ME ON MONDAY NIGHT... AND I CAN
PERHAPS LET YOUR FRIEND HAVE THE MONEY HE NEEDS, NOW!

AND SO THE CAREERS OF KEN, AND BLARNEY STONE, TAKE A
STRANGE TURN...

THAT'S IT, KID! NOW... LET ME
SEE... WHAT DO YOU DO
NEXT? WHERE'S MY
PLACE...?



ON THIS IS CRAZY,
BLARNEY! NOW CAN
ANYONE TURN ME INTO A
WRESTLER... IN JUST TWO DAYS!

BUT ON MONDAY EVENING IN PARSON'S
WRESTLING EMPORIUM...



BLARNEY, I FEEL
A RIGHT CHARLIE
IN THIS MOON-
EATEN CLOAK AND
CROWN!

IN THIS GAME YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE A
GIFFOCK! AND THIS IS
YOURS! THE ONE AND
ONLY... KING OF
THE RING!



... IN THIS CORNER,
FROM GREAT SIBERIA...
KING OF THE RING!
AND NOW... COMING
TOWARDS US...
HIS OPPONENT...

THAT'S A POINT!
WHO IS OUR OPPONENT,
KID? CAN'T SEE BECAUSE OF
THE CROWD! WHOEVER IT IS
THEY SEEM TO THINK HE'S
PRETTY GOOD!

THEN...



I'VE
GOT TO
WRESTLE...
THAT?

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN... THE
JUMPING TOAD!

THE BELL CLINGS...



I'LL TRY TO FINISH THIS
QUICKLY... BEFORE I
HAVE NIGHTMARES!

THAT'S IT, KID! GIVE 'IM
THE OLD RIGHT! GIVE 'IM
THE GRIP THAT NO-ONE
CAN BREAK!

BUT THE INSTANT KEN'S STEEL-LIKE FINGERS
TIGHTEN...



AAAAHHH! I CAN'T
GRIP HIM! HE'S AS SOFT
AS... NO! HE'S WEARING
AN AIR-PACKED
BALLOON SKIN-
SUIT!

LOOK OUT,
KING! HE'S TAKING
OFF!

AS THE TOAD COMES DOWN, HE DELIVERS A
CRUSHING BLOW...



NOW CAN
ANYONE JUMP AS
HIGH AS...
GOOSHNNN
HISSE!

BRAVO! AH,
THE TOAD... HE
NEVER FAILS!

THEN...



OH NO! HE'S GOT
HIM IN A SCISSORS
HOLD!

URGH!

AH!
THE KING, HE
HAS A SHORT
REIGN, NO!

BUT AS THE TOAD TIGHTENS HIS GRIP...



VOILA! LISTEN,
MY FANS! LISTEN
TO THE KING
ADVOCATE!

THE ROTTEN CHEAT!
HE'S GOT SPRINGS IN THE
SOLES OF HIS SHOES!



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SUBBUTEO
(DEPT 60) LANGTON GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.



Dear Alf and Cos,
In No. 138, in the Batman, Superman and Aquaman story, Aquaman was swimming to Batman's aid with his belt insignia in a "V" shape, but when he emerged from the water beside Batman, his insignia had turned itself the other way up. Why was this?

Rory Jordan,
Dore, Sheffield, Yorks.

Cross currents, Rory! And if you don't believe us, ask anyone who's ever done a swim at that speed, there.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In Ish 139, Demon Druid's diary only had numbers at the top of the pages... I thought diaries had the date as well! Get out of this if you can! But apart from this, I think your comic is the greatest!

Shaun Grindley,
Blakeney, Glos.

Ah, but Demon Druid is a very funny fella, Shaun! And so he keeps a very funny diary. If it doesn't have dates in it, it doesn't really make much difference... after all, he took up lots of pages on one event... and how many people do you know who paint colour pictures in their diary? That shows just what a funny fella he is!

Alf and Cos.

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos.

YOU could win £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
In the Cloak stories, every time he gets into difficulty, he always seems to have the right weapon for the situation. Where does he keep all these weapons, because he's only very thin, and doesn't seem to have any pockets at all?

Patrick Elliot
Whitehouse, N. Ireland.

He's a clever lad is the Cloak... and he's also got all the resources of the Special Squad behind him... and so it gets quite easy really! You'll notice that all his devices are miniaturised, and he's had a lot of practice at hiding them away. We've never really been told what that cloak he wears is really for, but we suspect that it conceals all of those very weapons you're talking about!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

My second favourite feature is

Send the coupon with your letter to:
Alf and Cos, SMASH and POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY AND HIS FRIEND, DUFFY ROLLS, ARE ESCAPING FROM HARCO. THE SINISTER ANIMAL MAN, WHO CAN MAKE ALL ANIMALS DO HIS BIDDING, WITH THE HELP OF THE BRAIN THAT BRIAN ALWAYS CARRIES, THE TWO BOYS GET AWAY, BUT...

VARCO'S GORILLA HAS HI-JACKED THIS LAUNCH, BRIAN! HE MUSTN'T FIND OUT WE'RE ON BOARD!

THE HUGE BEAST MOORS THE BOAT.

SOMETHING'S MOVING IN THE CABIN! IT'S OPENING THE DOOR!

AS SOON AS THE SINISTER BAND HAS DISAPPEARED...

THE MAN THE LAUNCH BELONGS TO IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BRIAN! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

I'M GOING TO ASK THE BRAIN! IT KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS!

TRESPASSERS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

A GORILLA CAPTURED THIS LAUNCH AND SOMEONE'S HURT!



THE TWO BOYS SPEAK IN WHISPERS...

THE BRAIN WILL HELP US! GET IT OUT OF THE BOX, BRIAN!

IT'S OUT OF REACH! SH! THE LAUNCH IS SLOWING DOWN, DUFFY!

THE CIRCUS CHIMPS! AND THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE CABIN!

THE GORILLA'S LEADING THEM OFF ON SOME EXPEDITION!



ONCE AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT GLOWS FROM THE BRAIN.



YOU HAVE NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS, BRIAN! THE GORILLA'S MISSION IS TO GET FREE THE DANGEROUS ANIMALS IN THIS WOODLAND ZOO! HARCO MEANS TO TAKE THEM ALSO INTO HIS POWER! PEOPLE MUST BE WARNED!

SOMEONE'S COMING, BRIAN!

YOU YOUNG HOOLIGANS! YOU'VE MADE UP A CRAZY YARN BECAUSE YOU ATTACKED THIS MAN! TAKE 'EM TO THE BIG HOUSE, FRED, AND PHONE THE POLICE!

WE'RE TELLING THE TRUTH!



THE KEEPER HUSTLES THEM THROUGH THE WOODLAND ZOO.

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US! THERE'S A GORILLA PROWLING IN THESE GROUNDS, SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS!

YOU CAN TRY YOUR MONKEY STORIES ON THE ZOO'S CHIEF, COLONEL BELGROVE HIMSELF!





THE CLOAK MEETS THE MONSTER MASTER



THESE ARE THE STUDIOS OF MAMMOTH MONSTER MOVIES AND THIS IS THE PRODUCER, CECIL B. DAPILL...



OUR MONSTER FILMS ARE LOSING MONEY! WE'LL GO BROKE IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

YES BOSS!

THE BLOKE WHO MAKES OUR MONSTERS IS TO BLAME! HIS CREATIONS AREN'T SCARY ENOUGH! I'LL FIRE HIM!



YES BOSS! QUICK!

THIS IS VOLTRON OVERFELLOW, THE MAN WHO MAKES THE MONSTERS FOR MAMMOTH MONSTER MOVIES! HE'S JUST FOUND OUT THAT HE'S GOT THE SACK!

GRARR! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE FOR THIS! HE COULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING BETTER FOR THE ROTTEN WAGE HE PAID ME! I'LL MAKE MUCH MORE MONEY TURNING MY TALENTS TO CRIME!



LATER, IN AN OLD DERELICT COINED SELF CANNING FACTORY SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF RUSTLE...

THIS OLD FACTORY I BOUGHT WILL BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO TURN OUT SOME FANTASTIC MONSTERS! I'LL SCARE EVERYBODY STUPID! HEH! HEH! HEHEH!



THIS COSTUME COMPLETES MY NEW IMAGE! I'M NO LONGER PLAIN ORDINARY VOLTRON OVERFELLOW! FROM NOW ON I SHALL BE KNOWN AS THE MONSTER MASTER!



WOULDJA BELIEVE, SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...



ERK!



AAAAAGH!!



RARRR!

YOU'D RUN LIKE MAD RABBIT, TOO, IF YOU SUDDENLY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THREE TONS OF GRUESOME GHOSTLINGS, LIKE THIS...

SLOBBER!

AAAAAGH

ERK!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

STOMP!

HELP!

EEK!



CALL IN THE ARMY! THERE'S AN URBILE GREAT BEASTIE CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION IN THE MAIN STREET!



IN THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE MONSTER STORY, THE ARMY ATTACKS THE VILE CREATURE WITH TANKS...

BOOM!

BOOM!



...AND ALSO IN THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE MONSTER STORY, THE VILE CREATURE STOMPS THE TANKS INTO A GOOEY MESS!

ERK!

YIKES!

CRUNCH!

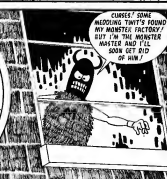
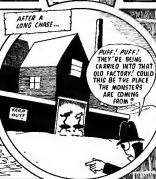
CRUNCH!



WHEN ANYTHING WAYS OUT NEEDS INVESTIGATING YOU CAN BET YOUR LITTLE COTTON SOCKS THAT THE SPECIAL SQUAD WILL BE CALLED IN! THIS TIME IS NO EXCEPTION!



ONE SHORT HELICOPTER HOP LATER...



MORE MONSTER MIRTH IN OUR NEXT EVER-LOVIN' EPISODE!

The Fantastic Four

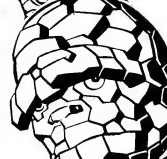
in **"BEDLAM"** AT THE **BAXTER BUILDING!"**

DR. DOOM, BY MEANS OF HIS EMOTION MACHINE, HAS SUMMONED VILLAINS FROM FAR AND NEAR TO ATTACK THE BAXTER BUILDING, WHERE REED RICHARDS AND SUE STORM ARE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED. BUT THE WEDDING GUESTS JUST HAPPEN BE ALL SUPER-HEROES, WHO RUSH TO MEET THIS THREAT! NOW THE BATTLES ARE RAGING ALL OVER THE CITY...









LAIRD of the APES



IN THE SECRET GLEN
HIDEOUT OF THE
LAIRD OF THE APES,
A SMALL COTTAGE
BLAZES FURIOUSLY
AND THREATENS TO
BETRAY THE PRESENCE
OF THE OUTLAW BAND
TO THE EVER-WATCHFUL
REDCOATS...

IF THE FLAMES REACH THAT PILE
OF GREEN WOOD WE ARE DOOMED
FOR, MASTER! THE SMOKE WILL
BRING THE REDCOATS SCURRYING
HERE FROM MILES AROUND!
'TIS A BAD WELCOME HOME
YE'VE HAD!

SHOW ME THE
STREAM WHICH
FEEDS THE WATER-
FALL, ANGUS. OUR
HOURS MAY NOT BE
NUMBERED YET!

I KNOW NOT WHY YE
ASK, LADDIE, BUT SHE
RUNS CLOSE BY THE TOP
OF THAT RIDGE. MEN
OF THE HILLS WE MAY
BE, BUT SUCH A
CLIMB WOULD DEFEY
US ALL!

BUT NOT
THE APES
ANGUS!
NOT MY
APES!

THE YOUNG FOOL—
HE'LL NEVER DO IT!
EVEN THE APES
MUST FAIL
AGAINST SUCH
ODDS!

I THINK
THEY WILL
DO IT
FATHER!



BUT EVEN NOW IT IS
TOO LATE! A REDCOAT
SCOUT HAS SPOTTED THE
TELL-TAIL PLUME
OF SMOKE...



I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!
NO REDCOAT PATROL WOULD
MAKE SUCH SMOKE
AND BETRAY THEIR
POSITION!



THE REDCOATS ARE NO FOOLS.
EVEN NOW I FEAR THEY MUST
HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE!
MAKE SPEED, MY FRIENDS!





WE HAVE DONE IT!
WE HAVE BLOCKED THE
STREAM TO DIVERT
THE WATER DOWN
ON TO THE
COTTAGE!



THE LAIRD'S
IDEA HAS WORKED!
HE HAS KILLED
THE FLAMES!

TRULY THE APES
ARE GOING TO
SERVE US WELL
IN OUR FIGHT
AGAINST THE
REDCOATS!



AND, BARELY TWO
MILES AWAY...

B...BUT, SIR... THERE WAS
SMOKE IN THE HILLS...
I SAW IT, I SWEAR...

I SEE NO SMOKE, SOLDIER,
AND MY EYES AND WITS ARE
KEENER THAN YOURS - THAT IS
WHY I AM AN OFFICER AND
YOU ARE IN THE RANKS!



I WILL NOT SEND MY MEN OFF ON
ANOTHER WILDOGOGE CHASE! IN
ANY CASE - THESE HIGHLAND DOGS
HAVE LIT MANY A DECOY FIRE
WHILE THEY STRIKE ELSEWHERE!
GET BACK TO YOUR
POST!



I DID SEE
SMOKE AND
THAT WAS NO
WISP! I'LL
PROVE MY
CAPTAIN
WRONG!

MEANWHILE, IN THE SECRET GLEN, THE CLANSMEN PREPARE A FRUGAL BANQUET...



'TIS MANY A LONG
DAY SINCE I SAW SUCH
HAPPINESS IN THEIR FACES,
MASTER! THE APES HAVE
GIVEN THEM FRESH HOPE!

I FEEL WE SHALL
DO BETTER YET, ANGUS!
AS THE SASSENACHS
WILL SOON FIND OUT!

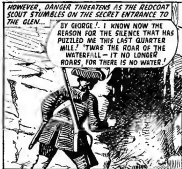


THE APES HAVE SHOWN US THAT THE REDCOAT IS NOT
INVINCIBLE! HE IS AFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN - AND THE
APES REPRESENT AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY TO HIM!
BUT WE MUST KEEP THEIR REAL IDENTITY SECRET FOR
SHOULD IT NOT BE SO, I FEAR
THE REDCOATS WOULD
GAIN COURAGE AFRESH!

NOT A WORD
SHALL PASS OUR
LIPS, MASTER!

SILENCE
IS SWORN!

HEAR!
HEAR!



HOWEVER, DANGER THREATENS AS THE REDCOAT
SCOUT STUMBLES ON THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO
THE GLEN...

BY GEORGE! I KNOW NOW THE
REASON FOR THE SILENCE THAT HAS
PUZZLED ME THIS LAST QUARTER
MILE! 'TIS THE ROAR OF THE
WATERFALL - IT NO LONGER
ROADS FOR THERE IS NO WATER!



BY BLOCKING THE STREAM, THE
YOUNG LAIRD HAS CUT OFF THE
FLOW OF WATER TO THE WATER-
FALL AND
REVEALED
THE
ENTRANCE
TO THE
HIDEOUT!

I KNOW NOT
WHAT LIES AT THE
END OF THE TUNNEL
BUT THERE APPEARS
TO BE GREAT
MERRIMENT!



THE APES! 'TIS
THE SECRET GLEN
OF THE APES!

MORE HIGHLAND
THRILLS NEXT WEEK!



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DEVIL OF THE DEEP

BEWARE THE BEAST THAT LURKS BELOW,
THE THING THAT HAUNTS MEN'S SLEEP,
TO LIVE IS BETTER THAN TO KNOW
THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP

Captain Bill Barnes and his nephews, Nick and Sammy Swift, were cruising across the Pacific Ocean when they first heard the legend of the Monster of Manako Deep. Nick investigated underwater, and saw sharks feeding in peace.

WAREY NICK SWAM ROUND, HIS EYES ALERT,
THEN HE SAW ANOTHER HIDEOUS SHAPE
RISING FROM THE HIDDEN DEPTHS!

THE GIANT OCTOPUS WENT PAST,
IGNORING, AND
WITH THE MOST DEADLY DENIZENS
OF THE DEEP SHOWING SUCH PANIC,
NICK AGAIN FELT THE COLD DREAD
OF THE UNKNOWN



GOSH! WHATEVER
IT IS THAT FRIGHTENED
THE SHARKS EVEN
SCARED THAT OCTOPUS
OUT OF ITS LAIR!



THERE'S SOMETHING
WEIRD DOWN THERE ALL RIGHT.
BUT I CAN'T REACH IT WITH THE
AQUALUNG. I NEED A DIVING
SUIT FOR THAT!

NEXT MOMENT A RUMBLE SOUNDED
FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP DOWN,
AND A CONVULSION IN THE WATER
HURLED NICK UPWARDS LIKE A CORK!



PHIEW!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE
SOMETHING
ROARING!

ON THE SURFACE, BILL BARNES AND SAMMY
SWIFT TENSED AS THEIR CRAFT ROCKED
ON THE HITHERTO CALM SEA.



WHAT
CAUSED
THAT?

LOOK,
SKIPPER... THERE'S
NICK!

THE KETCH STEADIED,
NICK SWAM TO HER SIDE,
AND BILL BARNES LEANED
OVER ANXIOUSLY.



YOU ALL
RIGHT, LAD?

YES, BUT I MUST
ADMIT I'M NOT TOO
KEEN ON STAYING
DOWN THERE
RIGHT NOW!



NICK CAME ABOARD AND TOLD BILL WHAT HE HAD SEEN BELOW, WHILE SAMMY REMAINED ALERT BY THE CAMERA IN THE BOWS.



THEN SAMMY SHOUTED EXCITEDLY....



NICK RAN TO JOIN HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, THE THICK SET BILL FOLLOWING SLOWLY BECAUSE OF HIS STIFF, WAR-WOUNDED LEG.



STORMBIRD'S SKIPPER TURNED TO STARE AT MANAKO, THE VOLCANIC ISLAND DESERTED BY THE NATIVES LONG AGO BECAUSE OF THE MENACE OF THE MONSTER!



LATER, THE KETCH NOSED INTO A CORAL-FRINGED LAGOON IN THE SHADOW OF MANAKO'S BROODING PEAK.



THERE WAS NO SIGHT NOR SOUND OF OTHER HUMAN BEINGS - BUT, UNSEEN BY STORMBIRD'S CREW, ANOTHER SHIP LAY AT ANCHOR IN A DEEP VOLCANIC RIFT.



AND FROM A HIGH PROMONTORY NEAR THE HIDDEN ANCHORAGE, TWO MEN STUDIED THE NEW ARRIVALS.

I GUESS THEY'RE GONNA STAY THE NIGHT, YAMASAKI!



THE TWO MEN ROSE CAUTIOUSLY AND WENT THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, TO TAKE THE TRAIL DOWN TO THEIR ANCHORED STEAMER.



LATER, ON THE DECK OF HIS TRAMP STEAMER, SUKALA, CAPTAIN CARL SHARKEY GAVE ORDERS TO FOUR MEN PICKED FROM HIS RASCALLY CREW.



AND SO, WHILE THE MOON ROSE OVER MANAKO, FOUR SHADOWY FIGURES STEPPED SILENTLY INTO THE WAVES LAPPING SOFTLY AT THE EDGE OF THE LAGOON.



Next Week — Only Defence for Sea Adventurers was a Volley of Camera "Shots"

THE MIGHTY THOR!

"THE WRATH OF REPLICUS"

FEATURING:
THE MURDEROUS MENACE
OF MOB-LEADER
SLOUGHER SYKES!





MY CYBERNETIC HORSE WAS DISCARDED!
RISE, THOR! YOU NOW CAN RISE AGAIN!
BOY, I'M ONLY THE GREATEST THING AS BLACK AS THAT ROBOT!



AND YOU BETTER BE AS GOOD AS YA SAY, BU' 'CAUSE IF THE REAL THING EVER TAKES ME, I'LL TAKE MESSIN' PISTS TO BLAT 'IM!
AND HE BETTER BE AS GOOD AS YA SAY, BU' 'CAUSE IF THE REAL THING EVER TAKES ME, I'LL TAKE MESSIN' PISTS TO BLAT 'IM!
AND HE BETTER BE AS GOOD AS YA SAY, BU' 'CAUSE IF THE REAL THING EVER TAKES ME, I'LL TAKE MESSIN' PISTS TO BLAT 'IM!



AND YOU MEAN MY SURRENDER CROSTON-- THE MOST POWERFUL REPLICAS OF ALL!
THE ONE WHICH I FOCAL NO MOULD BE YOUR GREATEST MEAN-- WHICH WILL GIVE YOU MASTERY OF ALL UNDERWORLD-- IN FACT-- MASTERY OVER ALL MEANINGS!
HE IS KEPT IN A SPECIAL PLACE-- AS YOU SMALL JEEB--
GURGLE!



OKAY! OKAY! YOU MEAN YER POINT! YA DON'T HAVE TA HIT ME WITH A MORE NABO SELL! JUST TRY 'IM OUT NOW!
WITHIN A FEW SECONDS YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!



AND NOW-- PREPARE TO WITNESS THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF PURE UNFINISHED POWER--
WHEN THIS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED CYBERNETIC CASE CHANG OPEN-- YOU WILL SEE--



REPLICAS!
THE MOST POWERFUL THUNDERBOLT AUTOMATON EVER CRY-TRON! THE MOST INVINCIBLE WEAPON OF ALL TIME!
HE LOOKS STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE A BOXEN TACE!
SO WHAT'RE HIS WEAPON? EEE? LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN DO!



THERE IS NO CRIME HE CANNOT SUCCESSFULLY COMMIT-- NO ORDER HE CANNOT RAITHFULLY EXECUTE-- NO GAME HE CANNOT EASILY ACHIEVE!
I AM REPLICAS MODEL K-1! I ANSWER TO THE NAME REPLICAS! I AM PRESENTLY EQUIPPED WITH A LIMITED POWER PACK, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DEMONSTRATION!
IF MY DEMONSTRATION PROVES SATISFACTORY, MY MASTER, THE BEING NAMED CHAIRA, WILL EQUIP ME FOR PERMANENT OPERATION.
MY CIRCUITS ARE FULLY ACTIVATED! I AM AT YOUR FIRST COMMAND!



SAY! WE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! THE STAGE OF THIS STORY IS SUPPOSED TO BE A CAT NAMED THOR! NO WHAT SAY HE SWITCHED ON SCENE A WHILE AND ZERO IN ON THE THUNDERBOLT GOD AS HE MAKES A HOUR CALL IN HIS MORTAL IDENTITY OF MR. BOB SLADE--
MR. GARDEN? OH, YOU MUST MEAN GRANNY GARDEN!
THANK YOU, SON!
SHE'S NOT A DRESS AS PATIENT OR AUNT, BUT I MIGHT REFUSE A CALL IF I CAN HELP IT!
SHE'S ON THE NEXT FLOOR, APARTMENT 2B, DOC!
THE POOR OLD LADY LIVES ALONE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS--!
SHE MUST HAVE GOTTEN THE NICKNAME GRANNY GARDEN BECAUSE SHE SELLS FLOWERS ON THE STREET CORNER!



GOOD AFTERNOON, DEAN-- DU, MRS. GURNEY! I'M MR. SLADE!
I KNOW YOU WEREN'T JOHNN WAYNE, SONNY!
COME IN-- COME IN-- I'M JUST HAVIN' MESSIN' A WEE BIT O' PORRIDGE!
AH, IT'S A PORN LAD YE ARE TO COME AND LOOK AFTER A WEE OLD LADY!
SURE, IT'S MORE THAN A WEE BIT O' PORRIDGE!



YOUR BOY? YOU MEAN YOU HAVE A SON HERE IN THE CITY, MR. GARDEN?
INDEED I DO, LADY! BUT YED NEVER KNOW IT IF I HAD TO HAUF FOR THE SCALAWAG TO COME WIST HIS ALLY! DU MOTHER!
THERE BINE IS--
THAT'S A SANDWICH VISTIN' HIS, SO THAT'S WHY SHE AN'T BEEN AROUND WITH HER FLOWERS LATELY!



HYUL, GRANNY! SLUGGER! SLUGGER! SLUGGER! US TO LOOK AN ON YA AND SEE IF YER OKAY!
WE DON'T LIKE IT WHEN YA AN'T AROUND TO SELL 'IM A FRESH GARDENIA EVERY DAY!
BE SURE IN GET THE DC LADY BACK ON HER FEET, DOC! THE YUL SLUGGER SLUGGER ORDER SEL!
AND JUST WARD IS SLUGGER SYKES??
YES-- BEHOLD! HERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR CAN IT BE HER SON?
MESH AND KEE! LET GRANNY DO THE TALKING!



POW! SMASH! WHAM! FANTASTIC

These Terrific Books

are in the shops NOW!



Pow! Annual

Spider Man, Nick Fury, and Wee Willie Haggis are among the many popular picture-strip characters who make this fun-packed annual a certain success. 96 pages, 48 in full colour and 48 in two colours. 10½" x 7½".

9/6



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Odhams Books



IT'S SUPERMAN &

BATMAN

WHO RESISTS THE BOY WONDER

PROFESSOR ZINKK HAS FOUND A WAY TO KILL SUPERMAN...AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S SUCCEEDING...

HE HAS NO PULSE--AND HE ISN'T BREATHING!

WHEN YOU HIT SUPERMAN WITH THE ROTOR BLADE, YOU KILLED HIM, BATMAN!

BUT..

-- I HAD TO TRY TO KNOCK HIM OUT! HE HAD THE STRENGTH OF DELIRIUM -- WE COULD NEVER HAVE HANDLED HIM!

I'M SORRY, BATMAN...

I GAMBLED-- AND LOST...

WE'VE GOT TO HOIST HIM ABOARD THE BATCOPTER...

YES--

-- THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR SUPERMAN IS TO TAKE HIS BODY BACK TO HIS FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE.

NOW WRAP SUPERMAN'S BODY IN THE LEAD SHEATHING!

BUT IF HE'S ALREADY DEAD--??

IN THE HOVERING BATCOPTER--

WILL YOU STOP ARGUING AND DO AS I SAY!?!?

I'M SORRY, BATMAN... I'VE GOT HIM WRAPPED UP LIKE A MUMMY NOW...

GOOD!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS HEAVIER -- SUPERMAN'S BODY OR THE LEAD SHEATHING...

SAVE YOUR BREATH AND GET HIM INTO THE FORTRESS!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BATMAN...?

I--I JUST DON'T KNOW, ROBIN...

YOU WANT I SHOULD GO BACK TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION FOR MORE PICTURES OF THAT CHUNK OF KRYPTONITE, PROF?

NOT NECESSARY! I'VE HAD THE TRANSMITTER AT FULL POWER FOR HOURS!

IN THE SECRET LABORATORY OF THE SINISTER PROF. ZINKK...



--IF SUPERMAN ISN'T DEAD BY NOW, HE NEVER WILL BE!



SUPERMAN'S BODY, WRAPPED IN THE PROTECTIVE LEAD SHEATHING FROM THE WALLS OF DR. HARRIS' X-RAY ROOM, IS CARRIED BACK TO THE MOUNTAINTOP HIDEAWAY...

HE HAS NO PULSE-- AND HE ISN'T EVEN BREATHING!

I KNOW--

INCIDENTALLY, KRYPTONITE RADIATION IS HARMLESS TO EVERYONE BUT SUPERMAN--

--BUT HAVE YOU NOTICED ONE THING, ROBIN?



Y-YOU MEAN... HE NO LONGER SHOWS ANY SIGNS OF RADIOACTIVITY!

--SO PERHAPS THE LEAD IS PROTECTING HIS HEART FROM THE MYSTERIOUS KRYPTONITE RAYS!



DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CHANCE HE'S NOT DEAD-- THAT HE MAY BE IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION?



ONLY TIME CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, ROBIN! MEANWHILE--



--YOU AND I ARE MAKING A FAST TRIP TO WASHINGTON!



BATINUED NEXT WEEK!

The NERVS

IN FATTY'S EAR-HOLE —



BOO-HOO-OO! I'M DOOMED! NO-ONE CAN GET THROUGH TO ME! GRUB! — (BLUBBER) I'M DONE FOR!



— NO, I AIN'T! FATTY'S MUM'LL TAKE HIM IN HAND— SHE ALWAYS DOES!



MEANWHILE— FATTY'S MUM IS TAKING FATTY IN HAND— OR RATHER FOOT!



I SAID WHOOSH YOUR EAR-HOLES OUT WITH ALMOND OIL, AND REMEMBER TO HEAT IT, FIRST.



AND SO —



IT'S RED HOT!! EAR DEPT. TELLY.



BAW! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, NOW! I'LL HAVE TO FIT A RAM TO MY CAR, IN SMASH ME WAY THROUGH THAT WAX!



HERE GOES! OH NO! I'M OUT OF OIL!



WAH-HH! DOOMED!



MEANWHILE— WITHOUT —



BUT, ENROUTE FOR THE CHEMIST —



WHILE IN FATTY'S 'HAND' DEPT.



OKAY, CHAPS! I'LL SWITCH FATTY'S HAND OVER TO 'OPERATION SMATCH'.

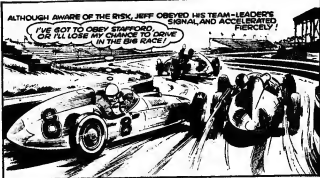


DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING DRIVER, WAS WORKING AS A MECHANIC FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A. WHEN HE WAS GIVEN A CHANCE TO DRIVE A PUMA IN A PRACTICE RUN. IF HE PROVED HIMSELF GOOD ENOUGH, HE WOULD DRIVE IN THE ILDANA TROPHY RACE. THE TEST STARTED, AND JEFF WAS TOLD TO STICK CLOSE BEHIND PUMA'S ACE TEAM-LEADER, VIC STAFFORD, AND TO OBEY ALL HIS SIGNALS. BUT STAFFORD WAS SECRETLY DETERMINED TO SPOIL JEFF'S CHANCES, AND HE SIGNALED FOR HIM TO OVERTAKE A CAR ON A MOST DANGEROUS BEND, INTENDING THAT JEFF SHOULD CRASH.

ALTHOUGH AWARE OF THE RISK, JEFF OBEYED HIS TEAM-LEADER'S SIGNAL, AND ACCELERATED FIERCELY!

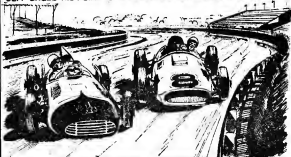
I'VE GOT TO OBEY STAFFORD, OR I'LL LOSE MY CHANCE TO DRIVE IN THE BIG RACE!



GEE—WHAT A BEND! I DAREN'T MAKE A MISTAKE—or I'LL CRASH!



JEFF URGED HIS PUMA TO THE EXTREME OUTSIDE OF THE TRACK—



THE RACEY'S WHEELS GRAZED THE GUARD RAILS AS JEFF TRIED TO SQUEEZE PAST THE OTHER CAR!



AHEAD, VIC STAFFORD, PUMA'S ACE DRIVER, TURNED TO SEE THE CRASH THAT HE HAD PLANNED—

IF JACKSON SMASHES UP THE PUMA SO THAT IT CAN'T START IN THE BIG RACE, THAT'LL SUIT MY PLANS!



BUT THE CRASH DIDN'T COME! WITH SUPERB SKILL JEFF SWEEP PAST THE OTHER CAR!

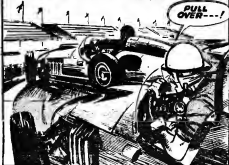


STAFFORD'S GLANCE BACK AT JEFF MADE HIM MOMENTARILY LOSE CONTROL OF HIS SPEEDING RACER!



JEFF WAS COMING UP FAST—IT SEEMED THAT NOTHING COULD PREVENT A PILE-UP!

PULL OVER---



NEXT MOMENT, BOTH
CARS SWERVED—



STAFFORD'S RACER STRUCK
THE STRAW BALES—



JEFF HUNG ON GRIMLY AS BOTH
PUMAS SWUNG OFF THE TRACK!



OFFICIALS AND ONLOOKERS SCATTERED IN CONFUSION AS
THE RACERS HURLED
AMONG THEM!



AT LAST THE DANGER WAS PAST, BUT ONLY THE SKILL OF
BOTH DRIVERS HAD AVOIDED A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.



PHIEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE! BUT
I'M HANGED IF I KNOW
WHY STAFFORD
ORDERED ME TO
OBTAIN ON THAT
BEND. IT WAS
CRAZY!

STAFFORD LEAPT TO THE GROUND, AND
RUSHED ANGRILY TOWARDS JEFF.



YOU STUPID, MAD-HEADED FOOL!
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL DRIVE
A CAR—I'LL SEE TO THAT!
YOU NEARLY KILLED
US BOTH!

PERHAPS
I WAS A FOOL—
A FOOL TO OBEY THE
SIGNAL YOU GAVE ME!
IT WAS YOUR BAD
DRIVING THAT PUT
US OFF THE
ROAD!

WHY, YOU
INCOGNIT
CUB—!!



AT THAT MOMENT
AN OFFICIAL
RACED UP—



HEY, BREAK
IT UP! YOUR
BOSS WANTS YOU
BOTH AT NO. 3
POST AT
ONCE!

JEFF WAS
SILENT AS
HE WALKED
OFF WITH
STAFFORD.



THE CHIEF MUST HAVE SEEN THE WAY
YOU NEARLY CRASHED ME, JACKSON.
THIS IS THE END OF YOUR RACING
CAREER. PERHAPS YOU'LL LEARN
NOW THAT I'M THE ACE DRIVER
ROUND HERE, AND YOU'RE
JUST A SMALL-
TIME MECHANIC!

AN ANGRY FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARED ON
THE BALCONY OF THE OBSERVATION POST.
IT WAS ED BREDDON, BOSS OF PUMA MOTORS!

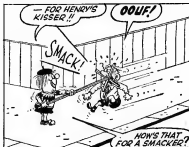
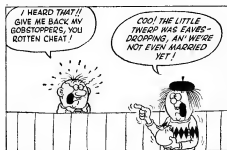
THERE'S THE CHIEF NOW!
BY THE LOOK ON HIS FACE,
YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO STAY
WITH PUMAS, EVEN AS A
MECHANIC. IT'S MY BET
THAT HE THROWS
YOU OUT ON
YOUR NECK!

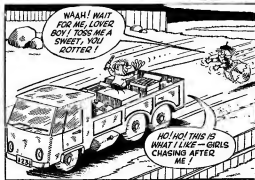
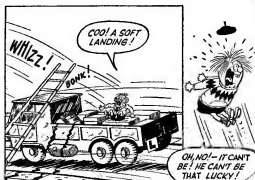


NEXT ISH—A SHOCK FOR THE TREACHEROUS SPEEDSTER!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968





FAMOUS WAYFINDERS NO3

LEWIS & CLARK

NORTH AMERICA, 1803. THE WEST TERRITORY EXTENDING FROM ST LOUIS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS STILL UNEXPLORED. PRESIDENT JEFFERSON ORDERS A 43-MAN CORPS OF DISCOVERY.



ON MAY 14, 1804, THE EXPEDITION, LED BY CAP. MERIWEATHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK, SETS OUT. THEY HEAD NORTH WEST ALONG THE MISSOURI RIVER AND REACH NORTH DAKOTA - LAST OUTPOST OF WHITE SETTLERS - THE FOLLOWING WINTER.



NEXT SPRING, THE EXPEDITION CONTINUES AND, AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY GRIZZLY BEARS, BUFFALO HERDS RATTLE - SNAKES AND HEAVY SINKING IN RUPIDS, REACHES THE SPECTACULAR GREAT FALLS IN WHAT IS NOW THE STATE OF MONTANA.



AGE GRIZZLING! CROSSING AN INDIAN TRAIL, OVER THE BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS, THE EXPEDITION RUNS OUT OF FOOD AND IS FORCED TO EAT VEGETABLE ROOTS AND BERRIES TO STAY ALIVE.



LEWIS AND CLARK, SIGHT THE PACIFIC! IT IS NEARLY CHRISTMAS 1805 - THE TRIP HAS TAKEN THEM 19 MONTHS!



SPRING 1806: THEY RETRACE THE BITTERROOT MTS. AND RETURN SEPARATELY IN SMALL GROUPS. LEWIS NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE IN A FIGHT WITH BLACKFOOT INDIANS... CLARK'S HORSES ARE STOLEN BY CROW INDIANS AND HE TAKES TO WATER IN DUBIOUS CANOES....



...BUT, THEY REACH ST LOUIS TOGETHER ON SEPT. 23, 1806, NEARLY 28 YEARS AFTER THEY SET OUT. THE EXPEDITION IS A HUGE SUCCESS AND GIVES AMERICA THE FIRST TRUE PICTURE OF ITS OWN WEST LANDS.

AND HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF WAYFINDER...



It's the Wayfinder Adventure Shoe for boys. Wayfinders are the rugged new shoes made for boys with a sense of adventure. You set the pace. Wayfinders can take it. And they've got two big secrets: animal tracks on the soles. So you can track animals—even in rough country. And there's a secret compass in a special heel compartment.

Wayfinders Adventure Shoe come in black or tan. They're the only shoes approved by The Scout Association for Scouts and Cub Scouts, and have a 6-months' guarantee against sole repair. Prices from only 37/11d. In half sizes between 11-7½. Get a pair now—you'll find them at most leading shoe stores.

WAYFINDERS

WAYFINDERS, 151 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

FREE WITH EVERY PAIR...



Secret compass in special heel compartment.

Special Tracker Badge or set of 10 more coloured animal tracks.

"A SHORT CUT HOME!"

YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY

TO THE PEACEFUL INHABITANTS OF ARGYON, ALL VISITORS ARE SUSPECT. FOR ONLY ITS REMOTENESS HAS SO FAR PROTECTED THE LOVELY PLANET FROM PREDATORY GALACTIC RAIDERS.

HE'S FROM EARTH. THE EVIL PLACE! WE MUST KILL HIM...!

YES, HE COMES TO DESTROY US...!

WAIT, YOU KNOW OUR LAWS FORBID VIOLENCE! WE MUST HELP HIM, MY FRIENDS.

THE GENTLE COUNSEL OF OLD DANYAR PREVAILS. THE ALIEN VISITOR IS NURSED TO HEALTH.

SEE! HE OPENS HIS EYES! HE SPEAKS!

I WAS HOPING HE WOULD DIE. I FEAR HE BRINGS TROUBLE.

WHERE...WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?

THEY TALK, IN THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF THE GALAXY.

WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE PLANET ARGYON, STRANGER. ALL OF IT IS YOURS TO ENJOY.

YOU'RE TOO MODEST! EVEN ARGYON, STRANGER, ON EARTH WE'VE HEARD OF YOUR WONDERFUL SPACE CRAFT...

BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HEARD OF US, OF COURSE.

AFTER HIS HOSTS LEAVE, HANK BANIO'S SMILE FADES.

IF ONLY I HAD A WEAPON! SOMEHOW I MUST PERSUADE THEM TO RETURN ME TO EARTH... THE SECRET OF THEIR SPACE MACHINES WOULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE THERE...!

AS HANK GROWS STRONGER, HE IS TAKEN TO VISIT HIS WRECKED SHIP.

SO PRIMITIVE! IT'S A WONDER HE REACHED HERE AT ALL...!

AYE, DANYAR, THEY'RE BUT CHILDREN IN SPACE TRAVEL...

I MUST GET INTO THE CASIN, THERE SHOULD BE A GUN THERE...

WE COULD REPAIR IT EASILY, BUT WE MUST ASK OUR LEADER'S PERMISSION.

AH, MY GUN! AND A GAS CANISTER! THESE POOR SUCKERS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING TO THEM...

HANK WAITS FOR HIS OPPORTUNITY!

WE'LL REPAIR YOUR SHIP, AND HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY, STRANGER. MORE THAN THIS WE CANNOT DO...

IT'S NOT THAT EASY, FRIEND. I WANT TO TRAVEL IN COMFORT. IN ONE OF YOUR SHIPS!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

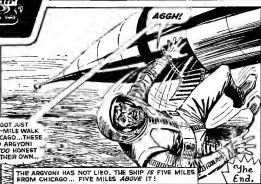
A WEAPON! WHAT EVIL HAVE WE BROUGHT UPON OURSELVES...?

NO! YOU MUST NOT...!

KEEP STILL, EVERYBODY! OR YOUR LEADER GETS THE NEXT ONE!

AGGHH!

ILLUSTRATION: FRANK FLETCHER/MAN.



AT NIGHT STALKS

THE SPECTRE

THE WORLD BELIEVES CRIME-BUSTING REPORTER JIM JORDAN IS DEAD. BUT BENEATH THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO HIS HONOURED MEMORY IS A LABORATORY LAIR EQUIPPED WITH ALL HE NEEDS TO CONTINUE HIS CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME. WHEN HE APPEARS AT NIGHT... AS **THE SPECTRE!**

TRouble WITH NIGHT OUTY IS THAT YOU EITHER HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE... OR NOTHING! IT'S ENOUGH TO SEND ME TO SLEEP ON MY FEET...

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, DRAGGED-OUT NIGHT WITH NO-ONE TO **WHERE DID HE COME FROM?**

I'M COMING, BLACK MURDO! THE SPECTRE IS COMING... TO GET YOU!

THEN...

HIDE IN THERE, BOSS! IT'LL BE KIND OF NOISY, BUT NO-ONE WILL EVER...

TOO LATE, TOO LATE! HE'S HERE! THE SPECTRE IS HERE! QUICK! DO AS I SAY!

YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM YOUR FATE, BLACK MURDO. BECAUSE OF THE TREATED METAL DUST I SPRAYED ON TO YOU... BECAUSE OF MY SPECIAL RACOR DEVICE... I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!

AT A BUILDING SITE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY, BLACK MURDO TRIES VAINLY TO STIFLE A MOUNTING FEAR...

I PAID YOU A FORTUNE TO ~~WORK~~ DESIGN AND BUILD THIS PLACE. A PLACE WHERE I COULD HIDE IF THE LAW HUNTED ME. AND IT'S HUNTING ME NOW...

WE WAS HELD UP, MISTER MURDO. BUT THE CELLAR HIDE OUT BELOW THE FOUNDATION'S ALL READY!

THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO TELL YOU WHY, BUT A BOY, PALE AND CRIPPLED, WAS ALSO ABROAD THAT NIGHT... LUCKILY FOR THE SPECTRE...

LOOK OUT, MISTER LOOK OUT!

BY THUNDER! IF THAT HAD BEEN ANY CLOSER, THE SPECTRE WOULD HAVE BECOME A GHOST!

MISSED!—I'LL SET THE GUARD DOG ON HIM! THIS BRUTE WILL TEAR THE HIDE OFF THE FIRST HUMAN IT SEES!

AND AS THE DEADLY GIANT CLAW SWING AGAIN...

THIS GRINDER— IF I CAN MAKE IT—

HE'S JUMPING CLEAR! BUT I CAN STILL GET HIM—BY ALTERING THE SWING OF THE GRAB!

MONSTROUS METAL TEETH SNAPPED... ON METAL...

MISSED HIM! BUT I—OH, NO! I'VE CUT THROUGH THAT UPRIGHT!

GRRRAAAA!

AND...

THE GIRDERS ARE ALL FALLING—GOING TO CRUSH—AAAA—
AHHHHH!

BUT THE EVIL FLAME OF MURDER STILL BURNS IN THE BLACK HEART OF MURDO.

THE FOOL! HE'S DEAD, BUT THE SPECTRE'S STILL ALIVE. I'LL FLOOD THE SITE WITH FLAMMABLE FUEL! THEN A SINGLE MATCH...

THAT MAN—THE FIRE IS ALL ROUND HIM! HE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE! UNLESS—THIS ROPE—

DESPERATION GIVES EXTRA STRENGTH TO THE THIN-LIMBED BOY. SOMEHOW, HE HURLS THE HEAVY ROPE OVER A JUTTING GIRDER. THEN...

ABOVE YOU, MISTER! THE ROPE! GRAB IT! I'VE TIED THIS END—!

BUT EVEN AS THE SPECTRE SWINGS CLEAR HE HEARS A HURT WHIMPERING BELOW...

THE DOG!
IT CAN'T GET CLEAR!

SHEER LUCK HAS CAUSED A BULL-DOZER DRIVER TO LEAVE THE IGNITION KEY IN PLACE...

OKAY, FELLER! WE'LL MAKE IT OUT OF HERE! COME ON...

THE DOG STRUGGLES FREE...AND LEAPS INTO THE CABIN.

THANK THE STARS FOR THAT BULL-DOZER. WE'D BOTH BE CINDERS BY NOW!

THE DOG'S ROUGH TONGUE LICKS AT THE HAND OF HIS RESCUER...

DON'T BOTHER TO THANK ME, BOY. IT'S ALL PART OF THE SERVICE!

BUT I'VE LOST MURDO! AND THIS PLACE WILL SOON BE FULL OF POLICE! I MUST GET AWAY...

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, JIM HURRIES AWAY...

HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE YOU! HE'S A HERO!

I NEED TO RETURN TO MY LAIR TO CHECK MY RADAR SCREEN—FIND WHERE MURDO IS NOW!

BUT...

COME BACK, DOG! COME! OH, HE'S GONE! HE'S GONE AFTER HIM!

AND, AS ILL-LUCK WILL HAVE IT...

THE HOUND! IT'S FOLLOWING HIM! IF I TRAIL THE DOG IT WILL LEAD ME TO—
THE SPECTRE!

THUS FATE CONSPIRES TO BRING MURDO TO THE BRINK OF DISCOVERING ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING SECRETS IN CRIME HISTORY...

IT'S STOPPED TRAILING—AT THE JIM JORDAN MONUMENT! BUT WHY HAS IT STOPPED THERE?

MORE THRILLS
NEXT WEEK!

SAMMY SHRINK

GRR! THIS JOB ONLY TAKES NUM MINUTES, BUT IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS! MUM SAYS IT'LL TAKE SOME OF THE FAT OFF ME!

POOR OLD SAMMY'S GOT TO CUT THE TONGS OFF ALL THE CARROTS FOR MUM'S VEGETABLE SOUP.

